There is another set of securities, ranking higher in the scale of reality, but based upon mutable values and subject to sudden and sweeping determination. They include shares in joint stock companies, and in gaudy speculative enterprises, in which one stakes his money on a game of chance. In these two classes of speculative securities we have the hay and thistle of wealth. Next comes the second element, or the ownership and mortgage of buildings, corner lots, brown stone fronts and the like. This is a substantial and permanent thing, that it is called real estate. But it is not fairly entitled to that term. It may produce a large income to the owner in times of reckless speculation, expensive living, and affluence there, but in times of depression and financial collapse, it may not produce the taxes upon it. The whole of it yields no positive or independent values to the occupant. The mortgage is an outgo to him, a bill of offense, to be charged over against the profits he may derive from his capital and labor invested in other species of property. The owner pockets money earned on the ordinary, the unproductive, the debit side of the debtor's ledger, I repeat, therefore that such property is not truly entitled to the term real estate, because it is not positively and independently reproductive. It may be so much more substantial and safe, in the long run, than fancy stocks and paper bonds of marvelous companies, embellished with beautifully engraved vignettes, as to be called real in companion, but the only real property in an absolute sense, is that represented by cultivated
farms. It is in this intrinsic value of lands, planted, sown, and reaped for generations that the farmer has the advantage over every other property owner in the community. All his hand-toiled acres are on the bright side of the ledger. His revenues from them are positive, secure, values to himself and to the world around him. They are food for men and beast; vital existence, without which money would have no value and wealth no existence. The productions of his farm are real, absolute, and independent, in positive worth, of all the fluctuations to which mercantile property and stocks of every kind are subject. His lands will not burn nor blow away, nor founder in the tempest. There they are forever; softened and ministered by the same rain and dew, warmed to green and appetizing life by the same sunbeams, ready to give back to the tiller's hand manifold rewards for his toil. If he and his descendants deal honestly with them, they never mean him harm but way more abundant in production for a thousand years. To the Old England, to the parts settled and cultivated by the rural</div>
turned the virgin sod with their rude wooden plows, to the present moment, those have become more and more productive in their revenues until at this moment the stones unwielded on the globe, A thousand consecutive have not exhausted but enriched them.

There is real estate for you. Go to that old Dayton farm in Essex, on which some fellows of Hengis or Horea squatted before the English language was born, reckon up the value of its thousand harvests, including that which has just been gathered, and compare the productive value of those acres to mantling with the wealth of fancy stocks, or the rent of a brown stone front or of a marble palace for the sale of calicoes! The only estate which Divine Providence ordains to bear and everlasting value in the material world, it has entrusted, as the highest honor of human industry and the stewardship and occupancy of the farmer.

After all that has been said, just and secretly murmured of the slow-earnings and humble exploiters of America's farmers, after all the disparages comparisons with merchants, manufacturers and bankers which they have been in the habit of arraying against themselves, they constitute, if they did but realize it, the great aristocratic democracy of the country. Please admit the term and accept the corollary of even fortune: The independent owners and tillers of nearly all the productive acres of this great continent—that fast-anchored geometry that mediate between
Providing and all other classes of the community, and feed them daily with the productions of their industry. It is for this mission and position that I would say, to them, cultivate and cherish a proper sense of your dignity. Break up the habit of dividing yourselves into individual atoms and comparing yourselves, thus isolated, with men of city wealth and standing— with the Princes, Aristocrats, and the merchant princes of commerce. You see what comes of such comparisons— first, a depressing sense of disparity of fortune; then a sense of littleness and insignificance, which is all unworthy of you. Don't take off your hat in acknowledging to the Princes, Aristocrats, or any speculating capitalists of the country. Who are they, or who are the men that have succeeded them in the ranks of wealth? They are the alignment of the great capitalists of the country. Do not own all the banks, workshops, factories, and shipping of the nation? Permit that. But why should this share of wealth impress you with a sense of inferiority as class? Empti the wealth of all those banks into one great depository, and all the goods in those warehouses, and all the bulks, brought and woven, in those factories, and all the value of those ships, and the wealth of all the city lots and edifices from one end of the Union to the other; take an inventory of all the real and personal estate of all other classes in the land, and compare it all with the active enduring wealth of the farmers, farmers of America, and see how shall it be in comparative value? Why, the whole
Continent, with all its millions upon millions of cultivated acres, belongs to the farmers. See how the Plow is breaking up the measureless solitude of the Western World! Do watch the movement of one man, the process seems slow. Do watch the growth of one farm estate, the accumulation seems slow. But unite farmer and farmer, and measure the farmers they turn, the harvest they reap, the homes they build, the wealth they win as a class, and you will have an approximate idea of the relation of capital to labor. See how these ceaseless, industrious hosts are subduing hill and valley, and prairie from ocean to ocean. I believe the farmer can still wield the axe who fell the first tree north of the Ohio. All middle-aged men can remember when the whole population of Western Illinois was gathered at night within one district for protection against the Indians, when all the great fertile soil west of the Mississippi was virtually uncultivated country. See how the farmer's Plow has turned over turning, united millions have followed in its wake, as planted great and populous States with cities, towns and villages of almost fabulous growth. The Plow moves on, in its God-honored mission and might, turning back farmers against the Rocky Mountains on either side, with all the vast space between these Mountains and the Mississippi, but one lane or stretch for the farmer's journey of America west of these Mountains to the Pacific is but another. He will draw his line, he will see, see his fields and grove, both these almost to measureless intervals turned by the farmer's Plow and reaped by his sickle. What chiefly gives power and position...
to the dominion of Great Britain? Why, the possession of the islands. Well, the farmers of America own a continent containing the spoors and agricultural capacity of such islands, and they will own it to the end of time. Without any slave or emancipation, all the arable acres of the Northern half of the New World will be in their possession and heritage.

Class feeling is un-American, undemocratic, still the farmers of America, in justice to themselves, should be animated with that spirit and sense of the dignity, of their occupation and position, that shall raise them above all self-disparaging companions with other classes of the community, measured by any standard whatever.

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dead." Let the farmer put off the fetters of its associations
and measurement, as Thompson put from his limbs the
hampering cords of the Philistines. Let him come forth and
stand in the sunlight of this mighty Presence that is
dawning upon the world, and take his true position in it.
Dignities and duties, as a man best qualified to fill them,
by his large compass of practical and varied knowledge,
shall the cockney aristocrats of fashion, luxury, and idil
lead the cockney aristocrats of fashion, luxury and idil.
Shall he a prime
life call him a clock-hopper hereafter? Him a prime
life call him a clock-hopper hereafter? Him a prime
highest school of heart and mind education ever gained
highest school of heart and mind education ever gained
on earth! — Let bygones be bygones, I say again. Let the
obsolete standards of the Past be buried with it, as the
tomahawk and scalping-knife of Indian tomahawk and scalping-knife of Indian
inhabitants are buried
inhabitants are buried
look at the educating agencies and influences
look at the educating agencies and influences
which the present has brought to the American farmer.
We have glanced at the schooling which Nature gives
him, in in his three quarter's term of outdoor instruction
from seed-time to the ingathering of his year's harvest.
Then his barns, cellar and granet she fills with the
produce of his fields, Nature looks abroad for a few
days, with the blurry smile of Indian summer, and
She said to the Earth, "Well done, thou hast been faithful to man. Wrap thy white mantle around thee, and enter upon thy winter's rest. While men, from thee hast so bountifully fed and clothed for his daily toil, shall enter upon his, and gather, until Spring, intellectual strength and enjoyment from the living world of thought which the fruit planted forge of its varied literature shall bring to him at his fireside." Do all men the God of Providence and grace has given one day in seven, for rest and religious devotion. Do the Farmer he has not only given this day with devotion, but he has also given a peculiar relish for its enjoyment. In the first place, the literature that of all other industrial professions in the world—a literature to which great and cultivated minds in all civilized countries are contributing their best thoughts and learning. Doubtless there have been more gifted pens and tongues employed upon the subject of Agriculture than there were, half a century ago, upon all the other sciences, arts, and occupations put together. A just glance at the contributions which these three autumnal months will bring to the storehouse of the agricultural literature. Think of the thousands of town, county, state and national fairs, conventions and
and conversations that have taken place in Europe and America since the first of September last. Thousands of eloquent orations and elaborate essays these occasions have brought forth. And "a chief was among them—tacking notes," and "he has printed them" too for the fame of the world. The "chief" of the Printing Press—the man who, with his alternating bits of ink, printer, gives ubiquitous immortality to human thoughts, who at them all, and "he has printed them. He had printed for the Tanner's library the grand oration of William Great Sturbridge, at Old English Chester—the most splendid orator in Europe, as the deep, thoughted, and brilliant essay of Ralph Waldo Emerson, at Old Massachussetts Toward, and hundreds upon hundreds of other speeches on the same subject. Glance at the millions of these new pages contributed to the Tanner's instruction and enjoyment. See how all the "Elogies, ennomies and octaphies" of the world of Science from their treasures into this annual offering to his mind. See with what gifts they do homage to the first human occupation inside and outside of Eden. See how their Sciences and Arts—these Oriental Magi of the intellectual world—bring their frankincense and myrrh to the cradle of the great mineral industry in reference for its mission on earth. See them come, with God's grace, with leading the procession and lighting the way. There is
Chemistry with its crucible, Biology with its spades, and Astronomy with its telescope, followed by all the almanacs both great and small, each opening its cabinet of jewels for the general enjoyment.

Thus the professional literature provided for the Farmer, or that pertaining to his occupation, embraces a vast range of varied and elevating knowledge. But all this is merely the literature of his Manual, of his hand-book, which he may consult daily, in deadtime and harvest, just as the mariner consults his chart and navigation manual, while guiding his vessel across the sea. The Farmer need not give his winter months with their long evenings to this agricultural, his professional reading, but to any department of general literature that can interest, elevate, and expand his mind. In this respect, he has an advantage over all who are called professional men. The Lawyer, Physician, the Professor, even the Minister, must each confine himself mainly to professional reading in order to fit himself for the position he fills. Not so with the Farmer. The Spring, Summer, and Autumn days and long evenings of the spring, summer, and autumn months will supply general for the journal of these books and periodicals, containing the principles and suggestions he is to apply to his occupation; leaving his winter for the enjoyment of works of History, Poetry, Pieces of Letters and General Literature. It is for this peculiar advantage, that the Farmer of the present and the future day, ought to be the best read man in the Community — the best fitted, by a wide range of practical knowledge for these civil posts and duties to which such knowledge is indispensable.
There is another circumstance which enhances the value of this advantage. No man in the community can establish and maintain such a regular routine of readings as the farmer. He generally resides at some distance from the thickly settled town or village, and is less subject to those interruptions to which men of the town are exposed. His books and periodicals are profitable and enjoyable substitutes for the social life and entertainments which occupy so many evening hours in towns and cities. Coming after coming for consecutive months he can sit down to the companionship of these books, and commune with the most brilliant minds of all ages, and feel his own imagination and enlarged by every evening fellowship with their thoughts.

I would earnestly press this regular system of reading upon the farmer as that source of enjoyment which flows more freely for him than for men of other occupations. I would say to him, regulate your business so as to take full advantage of this enjoyment. Do not let late night work in the field or on the road rob you of those reading hours. Make them rank among the first values of your life. Let the thoughts you harvest from the printed page rank in duty and authority to the golden thoughts of what you garnered into your brains. Take a lesson of life from the old adage, "t
is the last ounce that breaks the camel's back. It is the late hour that breaks the farmer's, and makes the drudging of his occupation. It is the extra effort on the after-time that bend his constitution and tax the senses of his life. It is the last, after acquisition of property, he cannot carry that vitally endures him in unrequited toil.

One word in regard to the acquisition of books, and I have done. Everybody is familiar with the saying of the poor cottage dweller in Ireland, "The pig pays the rent!" The poorest occupant of a mud-walled cabin sometimes manages to buy a young pig and feed it to the value of fifteen or twenty dollars, without feeling very sensibly the little daily expenditure. I would say to every farmer, adopt the same economy in regard to the ownership of one volume of useful literature for yourself and family. Do for the God-blessed temple of your mind what the poor Irish peasant does for his mud-walled cottage. Set apart something that shall yield a certain sum revenue every year from books. Adopt his source of income, for nothing could be more easy, convenient and sure. Take a young pig on the first of March or April of every year, and keep what shall bring in the next market. At Christmas next, trade go for books. With honest feeding, it will bring at Christmas twenty volumes of useful and entertaining reading for your
winter evenings, in a few years, you will have a library for your home that will be honored by the professional or literary men of the nation's capital. Take in your children as partners with you in all the enjoyments and anticipations which that library will purchase, and you may be certain that they will feed it with extra care to make it learn to look at Christmas as a thousand after leaves of literature for their enlightenment and profit. Do they any young farmers or farmers sons present just entering upon agricultural life for himself? let me urge him to adopt this simple plan at the outset, and watch the progress result, and see if he does not realize all I have predicted. Come now, just try it once, try it this year: commences this very month; and what a library you will have next Christmas for the evening I must winter.

In conclusion, let by-gones be by-gones, and hence report. Whatever the farmers may have been in the past, if the young generation of North American agriculturists, who will soon come to possess the landed estate of this continent, shall not be more taking the first rank in mental capacity and cultivation, it will be for the reason that they have ignored or trampled under foot their golden opportunities for attaining to such a standing in the world.
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